

From the New Hampshire Crusader
**Who are for—and Who are against—
 a Prohibitory Law.**

I. Who are for such a law?—Answer.

The true minister of Christ, and all the consistent and devoted disciples of Christ. For a gospel minister, or ardently devoted Christian, to be opposed to such a law, at once strikes the mind with surprise and wonder. We instantly feel that there is a defect in such a character. Even the ungodly, and rum-smitten, and rum-devoted, can not help coming to the same conclusion. They look aghast at the thought that a child of God should oppose such a law, and throw his influence into the scale of the rum traffic.

Civilians and statesmen—who are governed by moral principle and desire, and seek the best good of the civil and social community. They feel that laws are, and ought to be made for the lawless; for men who will not cease from injuring their fellow-men, if they can only make money and escape with impunity. And such are rum-sellers and their abettors, who are intent on gain and willing to secure it even at the price of blood and murdered souls!

Drunkards, and those who are falling under the strength of a craving appetite—who feel their degradation and long to throw off their chains which binds them, and get rid of the temptations which allure them. And there are many such, who might escape and be raised up to usefulness and happiness, if relieved and sustained by such a law. They need, and long for help, and this law would meet their case and save them.

The wives and children of drunkards—who suffer untold agonies for months and years, while the process of degradation and ruin is going on in their beloved partners, or parents; till at last they become confirmed sons, or sink into the drunkard's grave, and their own hearts are broken with the terrible shock. Oh, how many aching hearts and swollen eyes long, and look for such a law! And why should they not have it?

All who truly love God, and love their fellow-men, who cherish true piety and benevolence in their hearts, can not but be in favor of such a law.

Everything that is virtuous, pure, lovely, and of good report—everything just, right and true, and which tends to the renovation, peace, prosperity and highest happiness of the human family, must be in favor of such a law, and rejoice in its execution and the blessed results.

God, the Creator—Christ, the Redeemer,—and the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier—surely would sanction such a law and cause it to be the means of boundless good to the whole community.

All the holy angels, and all the saints in glory, are doubtless in favor of such a law. Almost might we hope to hear their songs of joy and victory with mortal ears, as did the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem at the birth of Christ, should such a law pervade, and shield, and bless our nation in all its length and breadth.

II. Who are against such a law?—Answer.

Some ministers and professors of religion—without whom the Devil can not accomplish his schemes of misery, destruction and death in respect to the human race. He always needs such agents; and, alas! always finds them to do his service.

Politicians and demagogues—whose moral sense is crushed beneath the mill stones of party spirit; who care more for office and the success of party manoeuvres than for the common weal; who are, therefore, willing to buy votes for rum, and carry out their

selfish purposes through the most abject degradation and fearful ruin of their fellow-men. Rather than see their party schemes frustrated they will demoralize the whole community, and fit souls for eternal perdition under the influence of intoxicating drinks.

Drunkards—wholly enslaved to appetite, void of all shame, and utterly unreclaimable by any efforts put forth to save them from the drunkard's doom. They are forever lost and bound over to the Evil One.

Rum-sellers—sold to sin and chained down in the service of the Devil by the cords of avarice and self-interest; whose ears are deaf to the groans of the heart-broken; whose bosoms are sealed to pity; who can see their victims perish without a pang of remorse or a shudder of conscience. But the time of righteous vengeance will come!

Time-servers of all kinds—destitute of moral principle, who can coldly calculate measure to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the tempted, deluded and fallen—and care not for the consequences. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is their sordid and heartless language. But God will bring them into judgment.

Temperate drinkers—who rather than deny themselves what they deem a luxurious draught, or the gratification of a dangerous appetite, whose whole tendency is to drunkenness, will sip the poisonous bowl, uphold the sale of the accursed beverages, and by their example teach their children, and the world around them, to drink the drunkard's drink.

All the haters of God and pure religion, the enemies of their kindred and their race, are beyond a doubt opposed to such a law.

Every thing immoral, vicious, profane, polluted, murderous and iniquitous to man's spiritual nature, destructive to his peace, and tending to the loss of God's favor, and the final loss of the immortal soul, there can be no doubt is in direct opposition to such a law. Nothing that is evil, or which tends to evil, on the whole, can not be otherwise than opposed to its enactment and faithful execution.

The Devil and all evil spirits—who for thousands of years have been laboring for the temporal and eternal ruin of man, both body and soul, are uncompromisingly opposed to any law which may effectually put a stop to tippling houses by the prohibition of the sale of alcoholic poisons. They hate with perfect hatred all such laws. They tremble to have them put upon the statute book. They love the rum-traffic, and they gloat over the woes and ruin which it brings to its deluded victims.

Behold the array!—FOR—and AGAINST. Contemplate the infinite contrast! Reader, on which side are you? One more thought, *On* which side will our Legislature as a body, stand? P.

BABES IN CALIFORNIA.—Crying children in churches are usually considered as nuisances, and taken out, but this is not always the case, as the following anecdote from the ladies Repository, for April will show:

"A brother just returned from California, was present in a congregation of brother Owens', when a babe, in the arms of its mother began to cry. A thing so unusual in California, attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire. "Don't leave," said the preacher, "the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since, long time ago, he took leave of his far-distant home." The effect was instantaneous and powerful, a large portion of the congregation was melted into tears."

A Thrilling Scene.

The following narrative—a true one—describes a scene that actually took place not many years since, in a country town in the State of Maine.

One evening in the month of December, 1834, a number of townsmen had assembled at the store of a Mr. Putnam, to "talk over matters and things"—smoke, drink, and in short, anything to "kill time."

Three hours had thus passed away. They had laughed, and talked, and drank, and chatted, and had a good time, generally; so that about the usual hour of shutting up shop, each of the party felt particularly first-rate.

"Come," said Charles Hatch, one of the company, "let's all liquor, and then have a game of high low-Jack."

"So say I," exclaimed another, "who's got the cards?"

"Fetch on your keards," drawled out a third, his eyes half closed, through the effects of the liquor he had drank.

After drinking all round, an old pine table was drawn before the fireplace in which burned brightly a large fire of hemlock logs which would snap and crackle—throwing large coals out upon the hearth.

All drew around the table, seating themselves on whatever came handiest. Four of them had rolled up to the table some kegs which from their weight, were supposed to contain nails.

"Now," said Hatch, "how shall we play—every man for himself?"

"No—have partners," growled one man.

"I say every one for himself," exclaimed another.

"No, hang'd if I play," shouted the former, bringing his fist down upon the table, knocking one candle out of the stick, and another upon the floor.

"Come, come," said Hatch, no quarreling—all who are for having partners, stand up."

Three arose.

"Now all who say each for himself—stand up."

The remaining four immediately got up.

"You see, Barclay," said Hatch, "the majority are against you. Come, will you play?"

"Well, as I don't want to be on the opposite side, I'll play," answered Barclay, somewhat cooled down.

Mr. Putnam was not in the store that evening, and the clerk, who was busy behind the counter, had taken very little notice of the proceedings. About half-past ten, Mr. Putnam thought he would step over to the store, and see that everything was safe. As he went in he walked up towards the fire.

When within a few steps of where the men were sitting he started back with horror.

Before him sat seven men, half crazy with drink and the excitement of playing cards. There they were, within a few feet of the fire just described—and four of them seated on kegs of powder!

Barclay—who was a very heavy man—had pressed in the head of the keg on which he sat, bursting the top hoop, and pressing the powder out through the chinks. By the continual motion of their feet, the powder had become spread about the floor, and now covered the space of two feet around them.

Mr. Putnam's first move was toward the door, but recovering himself, he walked up towards the fire.—Should either of them attempt to rise, he thought, and scatter a few grains a little further into the fire-place, where lay a large quantity of live coals!

At that moment Hatch looked up, and seeing Mr. Putnam, with his face

deadly pale, gazing into the fire, exclaimed—

"Good God, Putnam, what are you?" and at the same time made a motion to rise.

"For heaven's sake, gentlemen, do not rise," said Putnam. "Four of you sit on kegs of powder—it is scattered all around you—one movement might send you all into eternity.—There are two buckets of water behind the bar. But keep your seats for one minute, and you are saved—move, and you are dead men!"

In an instant every man was perfectly sobered—not a limb moved—each seemed paralyzed.

In less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene, Mr. Putnam had poured the water and completely saturated the powder on the floor, and extinguished the fire, so that an explosion was impossible.—Then, and not till then, was there a word spoken.

Before those seven men left the store that very night, they pledged themselves never to taste another drop of liquor or play another game of cards.—*American Union.*

The Prohibitory Law works well in Maine.

Said the Hon. Neal Dow, at the late anniversary of the American Temperance Union at New York, "When the law was passed, there were hundreds of drinking places in Portland; now they have disappeared. The wholesale traffic came immediately to an end, and the retail traffic was abandoned by all who thought anything of themselves. It was left to the lowest and vilest of the population. There are no more poor looking children, picking up chips about the ship-yards; stealing about the city, and begging for cold victuals, from door to door. A citizen, who supplied a number of children daily with cold food, soon missed them when the law went into effect. One day he met one of them and said, 'Sally, you have not called on us lately for cold victuals.' 'No,' she replied, 'we have warm victuals at our home now.' The father was busily at work every day, and used his wages for the benefit of his family.

To show to what extent the drinking places are closed up, he stated the following interesting fact, which tells volumes for the law; 'A seafaring man lately came on shore to see his brother. It was always his practice, immediately after landing, to become intoxicated. On this occasion, after being out for two or three hours in the evening, he came to his brother, perfectly sober. 'How is this?' said his brother. 'Why,' he replied, 'I've traveled more'n five miles around here and can't get a darned drop.'"

"If," said Mr. Dow, "the law continues in effect in Maine, it will soon become one of the richest States in the Union." No doubt of it—especially, provided the other States continue the the demoralizing and impoverishing traffic in intoxicating beverages. Legislators of New Hampshire! you have the glorious example of your sister and border State before you. Will you not follow it? you see the blessed results of the Maine Law—preventing evil and scattering good. Will you not give your own beloved State such a law.—*New Hampshire Crusader.*

Huzza for the New York Senate.

The Senate of this State passed the MAINE LAW, on Tuesday evening last, by a vote of 17 to 13. The bill contains a clause submitting it to the people. Only two of our city members, Beekman and Newcomb, were present, and both voted against the bill. A strong effort was made to keep the bill from going to the people, but only 9 voted against submitting.—*Organ.*